

APR 26 1932

MOUNTAIN

LIFE and WORK

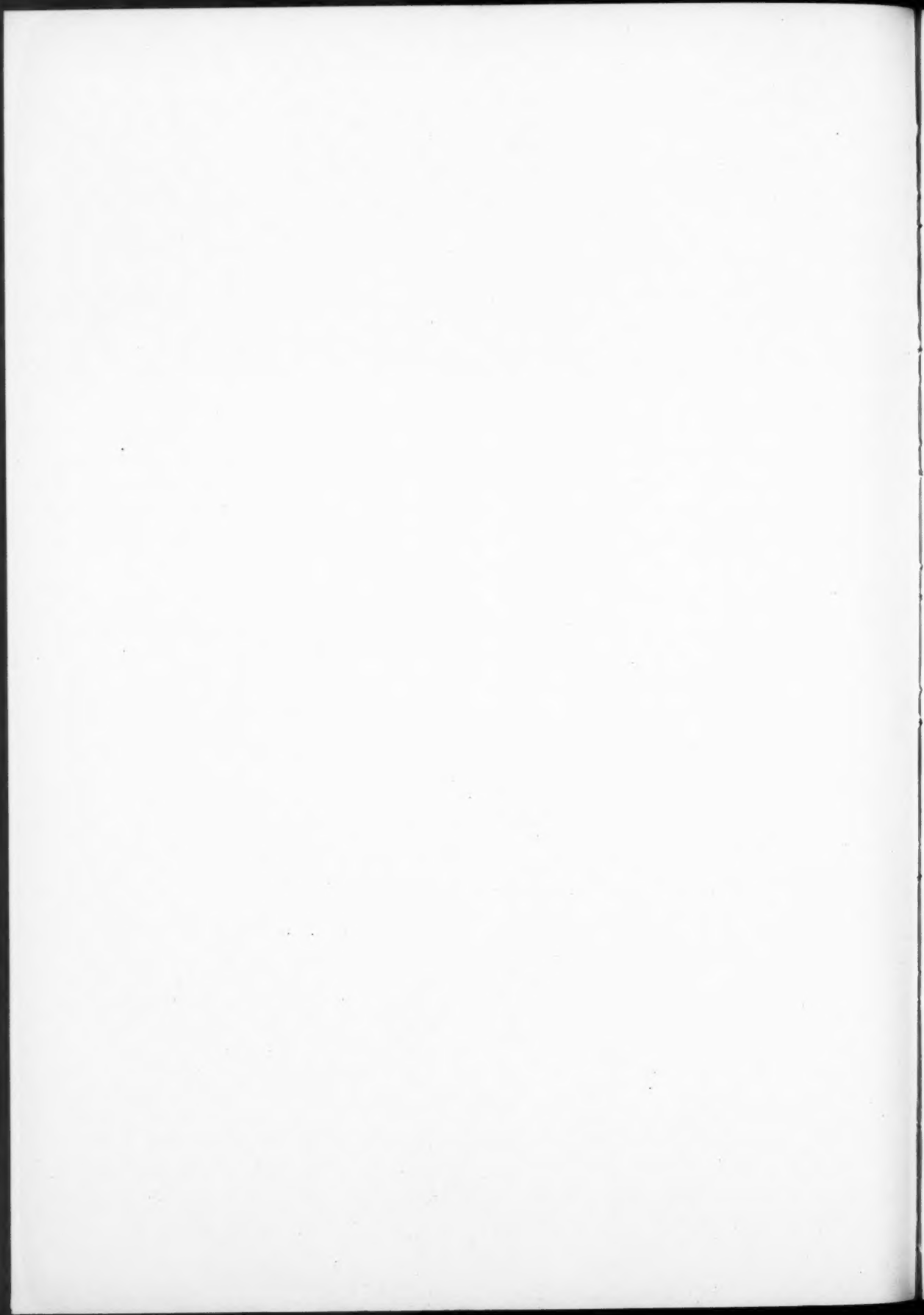
VOLUME VIII

APRIL, 1932

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Published Quarterly at Berea College, Berea, Ky., in the interest of fellowship and mutual understanding between the Appalachian Mountains and the rest of the nation



MOUNTAIN LIFE AND WORK

VOLUME VIII

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NUMBER I

MOUNTAINEERS UNDERGROUND

MALCOLM ROSS

In this time of economic chaos and general disillusionment with the promises held out by the machine age, it is a startling experience to open "Leaves of Grass" and read the exultant chants which Walt Whitman hymned to the America of his day:

"Land of coal and iron! Land of gold! Land of cotton, sugar and rice!
Inextricable lands! The clutch'd together! The passionate ones!
A world primal again, vistas of glory incessant and branching,
New politics, new literatures and religions, new inventions and arts,
See, ploughmen ploughing farms—see, miners digging mines—see, the numberless factories,
See, mechanics busy at their benches with tools—see from among them superior judges, philosophers, Presidents emerge, drest in working dresses. . ."

Walt Whitman knew how to string verses together in conventional meter and rhyme, but the exuberance of his love for strong-limbed, hopeful America could not permit restrictions. His "barbaric yawp" must have freedom in which to shout the lusty message that here on this virgin continent the working man had found great joy in his labor. For among Walt's mechanics and artisans the intellectual leaders of the new race were to emerge, great homespun leaders, with their thought sprung from the soil and the work bench. Observe that he did not bar out the mine and the factory. Here, too, men were to find joy in the work of their hands.

But somehow it has not come out that way. America has progressed in industry beyond the dreams of the Good Gray Poet; in the doing of it America has lost that first flush of enthusiasm

in work which set the whole process in motion. It is easy to trace reasons why this happened. We see in retrospect the first period where each mechanic was his own master, independent, earning his living and not much more. Then came the time when a few workmen banded together and began to see the possibilities of large profit through specialization. The inventions which Walt sang so blithely turned the factory into something else. For instance, the old hand-blown glass factory metamorphosed into one of gigantic mass production, wherein the individuality of the worker was lost. His labor was no longer his own. He became a replaceable unit in a vast enterprise designed to make profits for share-holders having no active part in the work. The hireling no longer had joy in his labor.

There seemed, however, to be compensations for the loss of this primitive pleasure. Machine age production rewarded the working man with high wages, and put into his hands the luxuries of science, such as radios and automobiles. The workers became small stockholders in many industries, and this fact moved our prophets to herald a new age in which the distinctions between capital and labor would be wiped out.

Then came the recent upheaval. The highly specialized financial and production structure began to show dangerous cracks in its foundations. The present economic depression has shown a singularly strong questioning of the system we have so laboriously erected. When neither capital nor labor is happy it seems a good time for them to talk things over and see whether a better deal cannot be made for all.

It is from this national aspect that we approach the problem of the half million coal miners, at least half of whom face permanent unemployment because of the severe maladjustment of this basic industry to its market.

This economic phase is well known and may be summed up briefly here, merely by listing the factors which tend to decrease the need for men to dig coal. The burning of crude oil and the development of hydro-electric power have greatly decreased the absolute demand for coal. A greater efficiency in combustion of coal has decreased the relative demand. The mechanization of mines—a trend likely to become more and more effective in the future—has made it possible for one miner to load many times as much coal as he could formerly load by hand.

Expressed in terms of human beings, the above facts mean that perhaps 200,000 miners will not be needed to do the only kind of work for which they are trained.

Keep that fundamental and irrefutable fact in mind, and then let us return to our original conception of America as Walt Whitman saw it. Before modern civilization (in the form of coal mining organizations) invaded the hills of Kentucky and West Virginia, this was what more urban centers would describe as a "backward country." The standard of living was a pioneer one. There was an amiable social life in the form of corn-huskings and a great willingness to help people in trouble; there were unamiable gun-totings and feuds, but on the whole this was a rugged, salty people, able to live on what they could produce and cherishing their independence.

Most significant of all, they were childish in their complete ignorance of the ways of the world. Accordingly, when the industrially sophisticated world discovered a need for the coal over which these mountain people were living, the latter were unprepared for a sudden transition from agrarian to industrial life.

Suppose we put this in terms of an individual. What should a mountain boy think of the offer to make several dollars a day digging coal? He has hardly ever seen that much cash before, so he eagerly says goodbye to the hill life and enters the strange black world underground. In time he becomes accustomed to work in the narrow drifts, careless of the danger always lurking in the loose slate overhead. He grows to like the coolness of the mine in summer and its warmth in winter. He is paid for the amount of coal he loads into the cars, so that the independence of a taskmaster is a congenial thing to him. He will marry, rent a company house, and raise his half-dozen chil-

dren to be miners after him. In effect he has established a mining dynasty for his descendants—barred them from the soil, dedicated them to the sooty valleys where the railroad track is the public highway and the home belongs to that same company which runs the store, supports the school-house, and governs every important function of the miner's life.

It is a delusion, then, that this is the independent life of Walt Whitman's happy mechanic. It might not be if the miner had some rudiments of education, if—like the miners of Wales—he had a philosophical bent leading him into studies and a strong intellectual life. That has been denied the American coal miner. He is the victim of environmental handicaps—and of economic circumstances.

Some of the operators too are victims of the system. During the War and for a few years thereafter the demand for coal was so insistent that new mines opened by the score, and tens of thousands of new miners were lured to the work by wages which reached the absurd heights of from \$30 to \$50 a day for coal loading. The result was the doubling of mines, the increase of miners to 750,000 by 1922—a structure hastily erected to meet current demands, and as certain to collapse when the demand should cease. It happened. Coal prices went down the skids; miners were thrown out of work; there came strikes, bloodshed, mutual antagonism—the whole sorry phenomenon of coal field unrest, and now produced on such a gigantic scale that it has become the most pressing economic problem which the United States faces today.

It is not intended here to offer panaceas for the economic side of the question. Coal is a basic need of a machine civilization, and we must presume that the proponents of that civilization will find a way to let coal be produced on a basis of decent profit to operators and decent wages to miners. Nevertheless there will remain this great body of miners and their families—numbering nearly a million people—who will not be wanted even if the coal mining industry is stabilized. They sold their farms during the war boom; they have spent the high wages they made then; they are at present a hapless people.

Last autumn the evident distress in the coal fields led to the allocation of \$225,000 from American Relief Administration funds for the feeding

of miners' children. The American Friends Service Committee—the same Quaker organization which fed German, Polish, Austrian, and Russian children after the World War—was asked to administer this fund. Field stations were established in various county seats in Kentucky and West Virginia. Over the course of the past six months the relief work has expanded until—at the time this is being written—there are forty-eight Quaker workers in the coal regions, thirty-five tons of clothes and twenty thousand pairs of shoes have been distributed, and each school day there are twenty-four thousand children getting substantial lunches and four thousand younger children and expectant mothers getting fresh milk. It can be assumed that this program has been augmented by the time this sees print, for the Quakers are face to face with a need which brooks no stinting of relief.

Important as is this temporary relief of distress we are more concerned here with permanent means of putting these miner people back into the stream of twentieth century life. How can we face with equanimity the prospect of giving the same sort of relief to these people next winter, and the winter after? Of what use is it to strive for their economic betterment if they are to remain on standards of living and ignorance so low that they cannot stand on their own feet? These are the questions back of the current thought on rehabilitation of the miner people. Probably no one agency has the financial backing to do the job. But some one must make a start, and the experience of the Quaker field workers this winter has fired them with an ambition to make some contribution of thought and energy. Their plans are simple. It is hoped to establish workers permanently in key towns. From here various backyard gardening, cobbling, woodworking, sewing, and canning projects will be directed. The immediate need is to give these people work for their idle hands, providing them at once with mental stimulus and with some of the simple food, clothing, and furniture products which they desperately require.

Cooperation in these plans has already been obtained from many mine owners and operators. Empty houses are being set aside as workshops. Here are the crude beginnings of a system of

vocational training units. It is hoped that the permanent directors of the work may have a model garden and workshop to which mining men and women can come for instruction, and that teachers may be sent out to the workshops in the mine villages for regular supervision of what is going on there. Especial care would be given to the training of boys and girls now growing up in these communities without opportunities of learning, or even visualizing, any trade beyond that of their miner fathers.

Thought is also being given to the feasibility of establishing a number of miner families on fertile soil in the Mississippi valley. This is far too expensive a project to do on any large scale, yet it might serve as a demonstration that miners are capable of such transplanting.

Even at this early date it might be possible to present in greater detail these lines of thought on rehabilitation; yet the main object at this time is to inform readers of *Mountain Life and Work* concerning the main problem and possible ways of attacking it. To those interested in the well-being of the mountain people the plight of the miners has a direct significance. For the majority of the miners were originally mountaineers, and a backwash of the surplus ones will probably return to hill life. More than that, the experience of those men and women who know the mountain people can be of enormous benefit to those who shall accept the task of trying to make the miners into self-supporting, self-respecting people.

What, in the large, is the answer for these unwanted workers? Shall they be helped to return to a simple subsistence life, making them into the lusty, independent people for whom Walt Whitman had dreams; or must they be keyed into the complex structure of modern mass production? Or shall some of them turn back to simplicity while others stake their lives on the machine age?

The answers to these questions are in the making. The more wise and experienced heads there are to apply themselves in finding answers, the sooner will this important social project take shape. It is to be hoped that the mountain work agencies will look across the hills into the smoky valleys of the coal regions, and extend a hand.

The Winter Session at the John C. Campbell Folk School

OLIVE D. CAMPBELL

The close of the fifth winter session of the John C. Campbell Folk School leaves us with renewed conviction of the wisdom of the general plan, a happy sense of progress made, and a variety of reflections as to what has proved practicable and what can be done in the future. That there are a large number of young people who need exactly such an ungraded, uncertified school as ours and who will increasingly patronize it, seems beyond



WHERE THE STUDENTS LIVE

question, even if the public schools improve far more rapidly than they have done so far. If we fail to draw them, the fault will be largely in our lack of understanding of what and how to teach.

We have had twenty-two students this winter, the largest number so far, and all we could accommodate with any degree of comfort. Ten were girls and twelve boys. In age they averaged twenty-one; two of the boys were twenty-six, and two, whom we perhaps mistakenly admitted, only seventeen. We ourselves need no further experience to satisfy us that Grundtvig was right as to eighteen being the lowest age limit really desirable for a school of this type. Twenty or twenty-two is better. Younger boys and girls are not ready for the lectures and discussion work which lead to a serious change in life. On the other hand we are not willing yet to make an inflexible rule. We shall probably from time to time admit one or two of sixteen or seventeen for the influence of the general group life, and for special training in crafts or practical work of house or farm.

We charge no tuition. Seventeen dollars and fifty cents a month covers board, including laundry.

This year no one was able to make cash payments, and work hours during the four months' term are not long enough to permit a full working out of the amount. The school, therefore, has had to arrange for the necessary extra labor either before or after the term. Some of the group this year had worked several weeks before the opening of the term, November first, and a number will be with us all summer in house, weaving room, shop, construction work, or on the farm. We regard such experience and training as important parts of education for life. Indeed, we are firm converts of Kristian Kold, the great Danish folk-school man, who upheld the dignity of toil and the values inherent in the humble tasks of farm and home.

Three students had been through public high schools and the others had had from a very few grades to the eighth or ninth. One cannot say in every case that those who have had the most grades have gained the most out of the winter. Age has played an important part, also length of time spent at the school, and a variety of other factors having to do with personality and experience. While one cannot draw any final conclusions on the basis of age and previous education, the diversity has made group divisions necessary, especially in English and arithmetic. We have also found it desirable in some subjects to separate boys and girls on the basis of particular interests.

As far as possible we have tried to relate all the subjects to life and to the students' own experience and needs. For instance, one problem taken up in agriculture had to do with the getting of a farm, where to borrow money, and the various steps in the procedure. The boys have viewed history through the agriculture developed in arid or semi-arid areas in the West (Indians, Mormons, Texans, cowboys, and irrigation), and have used this as a basis for a study of our local situation and possibilities. The story of weaving, illustrated by pictures and literature, has been the girls' approach to history. Present-day situations in Norway, Russia, and India may not seem at first glance to have much to do with Western North Carolina, but this geography course has been developed with constant reference to our own life. One girl wrote:

"I have been interested in geography and history, where I have learned how different people live in other countries than we do."

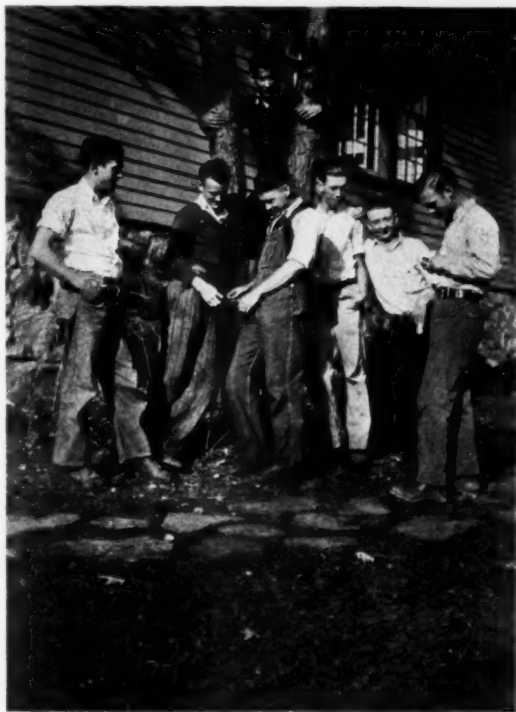
On the whole it has proved most satisfactory to put the lecture and discussion work, the reading, writing, and arithmetic, and some of the agriculture, gymnasium, and music classes in the morning. They are introduced by a half-hour known as "morning song" which tends to bring us together in spirit and aim. Hymns, favorite songs, reading of Bible passages or selected poems, are varied with brief talks of a widely differing but generally inspirational nature. The history of the growth of the Bible and its various translations and translators has been carried through the term in this way.

I may add that in these morning hours those of us who are teachers do not always find it easy to keep in mind the main purpose of the school—that which distinguishes it from the usual school with examinations and credit system. We are not here primarily to instruct, but to "enliven and enlighten," for acquiring knowledge without interest or desire is a barren gain. So we are not concerned first with the importance of students remembering certain details and information, but, if we meet dull eyes and restless bodies, we must again and again subject our methods to the severest scrutiny. There must be a way of treating material so that it will interest, so that it will be the "living word" of Danish theory and go on fertilizing and stimulating. I do not say that we are always successful by any means. It is hard to outgrow the idea of drill and detail, but we do feel that we are beginning to learn. One generalization is safe to make, one to which I have already referred: the more closely one can tie all unfamiliar material to the student's experience, the more likely one is to arouse and hold interest.

The same thing is true of course, in final analysis, of the afternoon classes—the wood-working, carving, field surveying, and forestry, the sewing, weaving, nutrition, the home-nursing class; but these fill a need which most students are quick to realize. It is not surprising that the majority of the young people, mentioning what has particularly interested them and what they feel will be of greatest benefit in the future, should put first such practical subjects. Singing games especially and gymnasium classes which are largely held in the evenings and which form a very important part of

the educational as well as the recreational side of the school life, are quite generally recognized as beneficial as well as enjoyable. A band, in which we have used for the most part percussion instruments, has been a new interest this winter. Band and singing games together have helped to release the emotion and music which are in us all. They have also been so interesting to our neighbors that we have been asked to present programs at several of the near-by consolidated schools.

I cannot leave a discussion of the winter term without referring to the school in its larger sense: all those in the community who are actively inter-



FOLK SCHOOL STUDENTS

ested in its general aim and its twelve months' program for making a richer and fuller country life are both students and teachers. Men's and Women's Clubs with separate and joint meetings are important social and educational factors. The school library is an increasingly valuable source of information and pleasure to both young and old. The cooperatives, Mountain Valley Creamery and Craft Guild, have been the backbone of the

economic life this hard winter, while the Savings and Loan Association has been doing its part in making loans for productive purposes to farmers hereabouts. It has stood firm when county-seat banks on both sides of us have failed.

These, briefly, are some of the outstanding features of the past few months at the John C. Campbell Folk School. We are happy to have this opportunity to extend to old and new friends a cordial invitation to visit us.



OPPORTUNITY SCHOOL --- 1932

MARY P. DUPUY

A small group of men and women sat through the night around a low fire. Having lived as neighbors and nursed the little girl at whose "wake" we presided, there was a bond between us. Quite naturally our talk centered around questions of life and death and their ultimate meanings. Then we lapsed into silence. "Go on," said one of the women; "talk some more." So through the long night of early spring we talked and questioned. From ten to eleven it chanced to be on problems of peace and war; from eleven to twelve, stories and such poetry as we could summon to our tongue's tip; from twelve to one, a trip into the Alps; from one to two, marriage and divorce; and so the night wore on. With dawn we stretched our stiff muscles and began to disband. "Ain't it a shame," said Addie, "that when folks get married they have to stop learning?"

Riding home through the woods at sunrise, we realized that through the night, in that small cabin by the creek, we had led a miniature experiment in adult education as we now think of it, through satisfying, in however meager and temporary form, the desire of men and women who, moored to life's tasks, asked for something out of and beyond them.

In its comparatively short life in America, adult education, in all of its thousand and one forms, has come to be thought of as more than the gaining of literacy, and beyond education merely for efficiency and citizenship. "Mere literacy does not give craftsmanship, or character, or creativeness." There is, we feel, a greater depth and sounder wisdom behind the term which is now so popular. It is a wisdom which was first given expression in the dreams of the Danish philosopher and pastor, Bishop Grundtvig, in the nineteenth century. It is

a wisdom which lies as well at the heart of the best modern philosophy of adult education.

It is, in brief, the belief that true education of adults must come from within themselves; that men and women beyond formal school age must have awakened within them the desire, the want, to reach forth for their highest development of body, mind and spirit, before it can be begun. This desire may be both for personal satisfaction and for service for the common welfare. If carried to the point of producing energy and action, it can lead to more definite knowledge and training.

It is for those who purport to direct adult education to provide the stimuli which will create this desire and purpose. Dr. L. P. Jacks, one of the best known modern exponents of the above philosophy, speaks of "the continued stimulation of the adult mind." The theory as to what this stimulation should consist of is again contained in that of Grundtvig; namely, that it cannot be in facts or accredited standards of education, but in interpretations of thought and experiences through the more direct medium of the teacher's personality. This, the Danish theory holds, is the touchstone for vital stimulation of the adult mind. The actual subject matter is secondary to it, so long as the subject is of human significance and above merely utilitarian values.

For a century there has developed in Denmark, that small land of small farmers, the schools of the people, or folk schools, which have gained universal attention for their service to the mass of rural people, who are not pursuing academic professions but who are of the soil and on the soil. These schools, of which Bishop Grundtvig was the prophet, are based on the above principles of adult education. The significance of these

schools in the Danish rural and national life has caught the interest and imagination of many who hold a brief for the adult who has perhaps had neither scholastic opportunities nor desires. The result has been the application of these principles in various informal experiments in other European countries and in America.

Among these there has been since 1925 a unique experiment on this line at Berea College. It has been sponsored by Miss Helen H. Dingman, who has been a careful student and observer of the folk schools of Denmark and who has been most heartily committed to their theory and methods. Through Miss Dingman's deep conviction of their worth and the possibilities for adaptations in the Southern Mountains and through the support of President Hutchins and other members of the Berea faculty, the Opportunity School evolved. It now seems to have passed the stage of an experiment and to have become a justified program of adult education offered by the College.

The strength and the charm of the folk schools of Denmark would be hard to imagine without their setting in pleasant country seats, the simple and informal home life for the group and the unity of comradeship. To translate this atmosphere into a stirring college campus of some two thousand people was one of the first adaptations to be made for the Berea prospect. This has been done, however, to a remarkable degree, and a strong feeling of group cohesion and adjustment into the larger life of the institution seem to come rapidly each year. The students are housed, on the same floor when possible, in one of the men's and one of the women's dormitories. The meals, while in a College dining room, are at special tables reserved for this group. Their daily schedule fits into that of the campus routine and the College regulations are observed. Apart from these modifications for institutional life, the entity and spirit of the Opportunity School is kept to a high degree, due to certain influences which will be touched upon later.

As the name implies, the work has been done to give opportunity for development and more abundant mental and spiritual living to men and women who have achieved a certain maturity—to the "Addies" of the mountains, for instance. The Grundtvigian theory that has guided admission to the Danish folk schools has held that at eighteen there begins both a physical and mental

change. The ability and desire to think of the spiritual and the abstract develop, and it is here that the ideals and urges of youth can perhaps best be caught at high tide. Experience in the Opportunity School also bears out that below this age there is an immaturity which does not fit into the scheme of comradeship and honest thinking. The groups have ranged therefore, with minor exceptions, from 18 to even 80, the average ages for the 250 who have been enrolled since 1925 being between 30 and 40. Professor E. L. Thorndyke's interesting proofs that adults are not cut off by lack of ability from the things for which they honestly long, give a psychological basis for encouraging older men and women to participate.

The state school system of Denmark makes a rather rigid elementary school education incumbent upon each citizen. This is completed at fourteen. Those who look to higher academic training pursue it at a greater personal expense than the mass of rural youth can afford. These last therefore remain on the farms until admission to folk or agricultural schools at eighteen. Our irregular American school system, in the country districts, gives no guarantee of compulsory grade school education, however, so that there are great numbers of men and women of eighteen and above, of a low degree of literacy. This is so painfully true throughout the mountainous portion of our country that the term "adult education" has become there strongly associated with the teaching of the fundamentals to illiterates.

The roster of the Berea Opportunity School has included all degrees of mental attainment. There has been a small percentage who could read and write only with difficulty. The majority have completed a common grade school, while others have achieved high school and even college work. This mixed group makes it clear therefore that the emphasis is not on the traditional lines of organized schooling. There are no grades, credits, examinations, or required preparation. The regular students on the campus laughingly say it is "education without a sting in it." The effort in the three brief weeks of its yearly life is to give, not exact facts, but stimulation of mind and emotion; to give a gleam that can be followed.

While primarily the Opportunity School exists for those who have grown of age without certain privileges, the nature of the programs can challenge any thinker, wherever he may be in the

scale of education; and those who enroll for observation, and those who have the privilege of attending classes "ex officio," find in them sources of fresh inspiration and of culture. These are brought to the group through men and women from the Berea faculty, with the finesse and force which come from conviction and ideals and love of life. This is Grundtvig's "living word."

In January, 1932, the Opportunity School held its seventh session. This has been one of the most interesting and successful sessions, and a resume of it should give a very good representation of the plan of work and its characteristics throughout the seven years. Leaflets explaining the purpose and outline of the work were sent to former Opportunity School students and community workers and leaders throughout the mountains. The School was also explained to the student body of Berea and advertised in the various lines of extension work throughout the fall. It has been gratifying to have the cooperation of many mountain workers in interesting men and women of the right caliber. Fully half of those who attended this year came through this channel.

The 1932 group was composed of twenty-two women and eighteen men. Twenty-five of them came from Kentucky, four from Tennessee, seven from North Carolina, one from West Virginia, and three, who came for observation, from "out of territory." The majority of the men were farmers, two young fellows having outstanding records as club leaders in Tennessee. The other men were teachers, one having taught "twenty-six schools" in one county; three women were mothers of Berea students, two were community workers, two young women engaged in handicrafts, one was a winder in a cotton mill, and two were weavers.

The life of the group centered about a large recreation room in the basement of Elizabeth Rogers Hall, where an atmosphere of freedom and home was established by the simple expedient of reading tables, bookshelves, pictures, a few easy chairs, and an open fire. Here were the lectures, the reading, the games, the "family gatherings," the Sunday school classes. It was in every sense the Opportunity School living room.

After six-thirty breakfast and dormitory duties, the group assembled at 8:15 for morning devotions; from 8:30 until noon a full morning followed. The lectures were of forty-five minutes'

length with sufficient intermission for informal discussion and relaxation. The program varied from day to day, the weekly "budget" of lectures and discussion being as follows:

Three periods a week were given to history which pertained to significant movements in the settling of our country and several interesting biographical studies. Three periods a week were also given to literature and sociology. The literature hours gave delightful understanding of books, interpretation of poetry, and choice stories. The sociology, a new term to many, opened new lines of thought, new viewpoints of other peoples, new conceptions of personal responsibility towards impersonal problems. The discussions were grouped around problems of India and Russia, of present industrial and financial situations, or of peace and war. Writing later, one of the young men says, "Some real windows have been opened, if only my weak thoughts will use them. I know I shall not think blank any more."

Twice a week there were inspiring Bible lessons by the pastor of the Union Church, and free discussions of community problems with good illustrations and appreciations from their own experience. Perhaps no subject led to greater revelations than science, with the first glimpse into chemistry, the boundless wonder of the stories which geology holds, and the more intimate appreciation of natural life. Some of the questions that came out showed that minds that think are not necessarily minds disciplined by "book learning."

Two mornings, in the hour before dinner, the Opportunity School joined the rest of the campus in United Chapel exercises—an opportunity to feel the thrill of a large assembly with a common bond. This hour on other mornings was the music period. We had "the singingest" crowd this year! Singing with spontaneity and taste was the motive of the music class, and folk songs have been found to be one of the best mediums for such a group.

The afternoons were free for practical work in the industrial arts shops on the campus, and this work was largely guided by individual interests. The women had a simple course in home problems, including home nursing, and another in handicrafts. A group of men and two women chose woodwork, while others preferred instruction in motor mechanics. A husband and wife learned "double" weaving. One young man had special

help in electric welding and another in poultry raising. Other optional hours were two periods a week for help in agriculture and another for written English. This was the only class for drill on form, and those who were conscious of their inadequacy in letter writing found great help.

Two hours were free before supper; and after it the lovely long evenings crowned the day. For an hour each time we sang and played games before the lecture, concert or travel talk, and once or twice a week the whole evening was given to singing games, largely Danish, and to quiet pastimes for the less active. The best snapshot of the Opportunity School would be at this vesper hour. A knot of middle-aged men chortle together while one reads aloud, "Darius Green and His Flying Machine"; checkers occupy two in this corner, a puzzle holds the group in the next; ping-pong goes on gaily, while a hilarious game of up-jenkins has the long reading table. Scattered about are the inveterate readers, and those who sit and chat. The big family of forty are at home together.

The group was divided for Sunday school somewhat according to age and interests. While church attendance in Berea is voluntary, the Opportunity School group enjoyed attending together the worship service at Union Church. The "quiet hour" of the campus was observed in the early afternoon, various ones returning afterward to their class room to read, or going for walks or visits. Old-fashioned hymn-singing and stories were a source of pleasure after supper, and chapel services closed the day.

Monday, the Berea holiday, was spent in excursions through the College industries and in personal leisure.

A number of books were carefully chosen and placed in the class room. These were selected by the Opportunity School faculty with the thought of putting before the students the books which could best supplement each course and which would be within their range of interest. There was every personal encouragement to read, and lectures sent many on a quest into books. It was gratifying to note the number of books read and the material chosen—something over seventy volumes in three full weeks, including religion, history, biography, social problems and poetry, as well as fiction.

The most distinguished characteristic of the Opportunity School work is the rapid socializa-

tion of the members, both into their own group and in the larger one of the campus. The fellowship and bond of unity is from the first always made very strong. The directors and students, men and women, young and mature, soon become fused into warm, closely knit relationships. The meals together bring one of the best opportunities for acquaintance and for interesting table talk, which shows their reactions and tastes. From breakfast until bedtime we are working, talking, reading, playing together. A fine esprit de corps is always the result. The reserve and self-consciousness slip off and comradeship and cooperation begin to develop; there is a sense of loyalty and service to each other that must to some extent be carried over into larger spheres of living. A shy woman writes: "Three weeks on the campus meant much to me, as I never had any acquaintance with college life before. So if I acted rude down there, it was pure ignorance of me."

Besides the close relationship between the group and the directors and the intimate home atmosphere that is carefully maintained, considerable social life is opened each year to the Opportunity School in faculty homes, for afternoon tea and evening gatherings. The Opportunity School itself is host on several occasions when the duties of hospitality are placed upon it. Former members who are regularly enrolled in Berea College are entertained, a tea is given to faculty members who have helped in the program, and as a joyous finale comes a banquet which puts a sort of benediction on the abundant three weeks.

This banquet, beautifully appointed by the Home Economics Department, is the culmination of the work and love and enthusiasm which have been put into the whole program. In the simple toasts which go round the table, there come expressions of feeling and tributes of appreciation which are a tender reward.

This, then, outlines the means by which the Berea Opportunity School seeks to give those incentives which rouse minds and spirits to growth and perhaps to action. From the six groups which have attended in the past, there have been many evidences that this has been achieved. Twenty-eight have re-entered school after the impetus for further study, and many others have gone home to make some contribution to their community. It was largely through the members of the first Opportunity School that the extension

Opportunity Schools were begun. These are organized by the director, Miss Dingman, and are now held in four or five communities each fall, several members of the Berea faculty giving three days to carrying to rural districts some of the inspiration and pleasure which are given in larger measure in the January session.

There is every reason to feel that the members of the 1932 Opportunity School too have caught some sparks which will kindle desire both for growth and for service. Certainly the following cordial expressions seem to indicate it.

"I do hope I can attend Opportunity School again, and my husband also. I guess I'll study at home with my little daughter and be ready to enroll there when she has completed the eighth grade." Again, "I didn't take notes on all the lectures, for which I am sorry, as I could have told my neighbors more about it all."

Another writes, after reaching home, "I am inviting the children who live near me to come to my house Saturday afternoons. We will sing, play games and read stories. I am not satisfied to merely stay at home and work day after day and week after week since I have gotten a vision at Opportunity School."

"I have lived so long in my little narrow valley," says one young woman, "that I have grown too small. But my world now is much larger and happier for having been there. It seems to me we have had a challenge to make even the best better. That is a goal I have set for myself and I am trying to do it."

It seems to us at Berea that if Opportunity School has inspired such spirits as these, it is justifying its purpose and proving its possibilities.



BOOKS FOR EVERYBODY

MARY U. ROTHROCK

"I'm Chairman of the Home Education Committee of our Knox County Parent-Teachers' Association, and we can't have home education without books, so I've come to see how we can get library books in this county," stated Mrs. Fred Roberts, seating herself in the librarian's office of Lawson McGhee Library, the free public library of Knoxville, Tennessee. The speaker's air of finality and her well-deserved reputation for leadership in constructive county measures convinced the librarian at once that here was a promising opening for the extension library service to all the people of Knox county, outside as well as inside the corporate limits of Knoxville, the county seat.

This was in the fall of 1927. The county's rural population was 50,100; its area, 504 square miles. There were 96 county schools, among them 10 consolidated high and junior high schools. Except for a few hundred books locked away in store rooms in three or four of these schools, there was no library of any sort in the county.

Now Knox is a conservative county, whose thirty-eight squires are slow to appropriate money until the value of the cause for which the appro-

priation is asked has been tested thoroughly. Lawson McGhee Library was supported solely by city tax and consequently could not extend its service beyond the city limits. Obviously it could not be expected that the county, with no library service whatever and little consciousness of what it was missing, would at the first request appropriate enough money to finance an adequate county library system. At the same time, a type of service must be planned which would fit the initial appropriation, however large or small it might be.

To meet this situation a sliding scale was devised as follows: For \$2,500, the city library system was to be made free to all residents of Knox county for one year to the same extent as if they were residents of Knoxville. (This amount was based on an estimated minimum enrollment of 2,000 county borrowers at a fee of \$1.25 each.) For \$5,000, the above service was to be given, and in addition at least eight deposit collections, totaling not fewer than 1,500 books, were to be established and maintained at convenient locations in the county. For \$7,500, all the above service was to be given, and also a book truck, covering

the major portion of the county by regular routes at least twice a month, was to be placed in service.

We explained frankly that in this case, as in many others, the plan which called for the smallest amount of money was the most expensive, and that which called for the largest appropriation was the cheapest, in proportion to the amount of service it would render.

There is not space, and perhaps no need, to describe all the work which was done through the County Council of the Parent-Teacher Associations and through interested individuals in telling the members of the Court, before the July term of Court, at which all appropriations are made, what a county library was and how badly Knox county wanted it. At any rate, the Court chose the \$2,500 plan, which was at least a beginning, and a great deal more than nothing at all.

For the next twelve months an earnest effort was made to bring in to the main library as many

county readers as possible. Newspaper stories, a booth at the county fair, talks at rural schools and community meetings, and handbills freely distributed to market stalls and trucks, called attention to the resources of the city library which were now free to county residents.

It is often said in speeches about books and reading that Lincoln walked twenty miles for a book, and that if one really wants very much to read he will walk any distance to get to a library. This, of course, is only partly true; for too often the time is lacking to make the long trip to town, or when the father has gone to town, leaving the boys and girls busy at their home tasks, he does not find it convenient to go to the library for their books, and easily justifies himself by saying they should be working instead of reading, anyway. Then, too, some country people are incurably timid about using urban institutions, whether banks, churches, or libraries.



ON LIBRARY DAY

Well, we tried hard to make them get their \$2,500 worth of reading, and doubtless they did, for by the end of the year more than 3,000 county borrowers were using the city library. But we knew that in the main these were the more privileged rural groups—those who lived on graveled roads and who came to the city more or less regularly. We knew that in the more remote sections lived many families, who, in spite of our best efforts, had not yet even heard of the library, and that these were the very families whose isolated lives most desperately needed the enrichment of books.

Happily, through a gift from the Rosenwald Fund, we were able the next July to offer the County Court for \$5,000 instead of for \$7,500 the full county library service. This included the use of the main library, deposits of books in county schools and communities, and a book truck with regular routes twice-a-month. Again the faithful Parent-Teacher officials appointed leaders in every community of Knox county who visited their local squires and talked county library to them, and who saw to it that others either talked with or wrote letters about the movement to every member of the Court. As a result of this organized, intensive work the squires were convinced that the country people themselves wanted the enlarged book service; and the appropriation was made, with four votes to spare.

It was in July, 1929, that the actual program of library service to Knox county began. First, we bought a one-half ton delivery truck with panel sides, which we fitted with wire-glass doors and book shelves with a carrying capacity of 500 books. While this was being done, we made up orders for about 5,000 carefully selected books to be carried on the truck for both adults and children. Next, with the aid of a county road map and the home demonstration agent, we spent several days driving over the county, learning the roads and cross-roads, the locations of school buildings and community stores, and even visiting the homes of some of the country people.

By the middle of September, when all the rural schools had opened, the truck with its load of fresh, attractive books was ready for the road. Four months later ten truck routes visiting fifty schools had been established. From this time on, there was no question as to the permanence of the county library service.

As had been anticipated and hoped, it became apparent almost immediately that the truck could not possibly supply all demands for books, especially in the larger schools and communities. Even had it possessed the carrying capacity, it necessarily gave a more limited service than was desirable for the consolidated high school and for three or four villages of the county. Moreover, those little one-and-two-teacher schools among distant ridges and coves were weighing on our consciences; and time must be found for the truck to visit them.

So we gladly encouraged the establishing of three community branches, and provided books and a traveling librarian to keep each of them open two afternoons a week. To the four largest consolidated schools the county library furnished library supplies and catalogued their few hundred books, adding also some volumes loaned from the central library collection.

At the end of the first year our borrowers had increased in number from 3,000 to 8,000, and the books borrowed from the truck and book deposits in the county numbered more than 72,000 volumes. These figures proved beyond question to the County Court—and to us—that country people will read if they have the books; and I think they even warrant the conclusion that Lincoln himself would have read more and better books had he been able to obtain them at a shorter walk than twenty miles. Before the July term of Court came, with its annual agitation over the budget and the tax rate, every squire had received a report of the county library, which gave not only the statistics for the entire county but also the number of points being served in his district and the precise number of books his constituents had borrowed.

The record of the next two years differs only in detail from that of 1929. Each year the number of county readers and the number of books borrowed have grown larger, until today the Knox county library outside the city of Knoxville has 12,000 borrowers and an annual circulation of more than 200,000 books, loaned from 92 service points and book truck stops, including county branches and deposits. In other words, out of every four persons in Knox county, one is a library borrower; and he reads almost 17 books a year. Our appropriation is now \$7,500.

No two situations ever are exactly alike, and

every county offers its own peculiar problem. Knox county fortunately had an established library in Knoxville, with a library board which was ready not only to cooperate but even to assist county leaders in the development of rural service. Under these conditions, the simplest form of organization seemed to us to be a contract between city and county library boards, for the extension of library service of a specified kind to the county in return for an annual appropriation. This plan centralizes the entire responsibility and authority in the existing library organization. The function of the County Library Board, which meets quarterly, is to advise and sponsor, not to administer.

The actual cost of the Knox county library service, including salaries of county library workers, supplies, automobile maintenance, and books in use outside the city, has been from \$8,500 to \$9,500 a year. This amount does not include any charge for the use of the main library or its branches by county residents or any charge for general administrative overhead.

The book truck is driven by girls. Our two are college graduates who were selected for the position because of their marked physical and temperamental fitness. The county work involves a heavy

physical strain; but, so far as we can observe, is beneficial rather than injurious to the health of the worker, provided that she is sufficiently strong. In the two-and-a-half years our county truck has been on the road, it has never missed a single day of scheduled work and has seldom been late. The average truck route is about 30 miles, the average day's circulation 600 books, and the hours from 7:45 a.m. to 4:30 p.m.

The book truck does not and cannot give an adequate and complete library service. It carries too few books and stays too short a time at each stop for that. But unquestionably it is the most effective, most flexible, and cheapest means yet devised for getting an ever-changing supply of good books quickly to all the people of a rural section.

Many pages might be consumed in telling human interest stories about county library service. Certain it is that county people are voracious and intelligent readers, when they can get the books. But perhaps it may all be epitomized in the oft-repeated, earnest testimony of grown people and children throughout Knox county, "The library is the best thing we have. I'd rather give up everything else than to do without books."



For Us Who Dwell in Mountains

RUTH E. CAMPBELL

O sweetness of spring skies
In which we rest our eyes
From ridgy slopes
And broken hopes—
Be thou, deep cloud-chased blue,
Our infinitely wider view,
The wider plains of God
For men who cannot look abroad.

THE STRUGGLE FOR INDEPENDENCE

EVERETT DIX

Shall we help or hinder the mountain man in his age-long struggle for independence? And if we would help, rather than hinder, how is it to be done?

The mountain man has always to struggle, as who does not? His primary struggle is for existence. Second only to that is his struggle for independence. These two phases of his life are very close together. It is when he fails to achieve satisfactorily in the first that he is likely to lose in the second.

I have seen a family on the very brink of dissolution. The cabin is inadequate to shelter the twelve persons. The children are in rags. The larder is empty. The cow has just died. No meal. No meat. No molasses. No job. Yet the man says, "We kin make it." How can he be provided with the necessities of existence and at the same time preserve that precious spirit of self-reliance that carries him through everything but the extremes of misfortune and prompts him in his desire to be "beholden to nobody?" This is one of the most important and serious problems of the Red Cross or any other agency or group of individuals that undertakes to give relief from poverty and disaster—the problem of helping without weakening the family. This and one other.

The other problem is very much akin to the first but differs in some of its aspects. It is the same problem applied to the community. Indeed it is in this unit that we are more likely to fall into a trap than in the other. For community consciousness is not nearly as well developed as individual and family consciousness in the mountains. The community is not, therefore, so sensitive to a condition of dependence on outside help as is the family. The community leadership, such as there may be, is less likely to say when they know there is suffering among the neighbors, "Yes, we kin make it." Communities may be pauperized as surely and as regrettably as families.

In its approach to the matter of relief in the present emergency, the depression, the Red Cross has had these problems very much in mind. It has been encouraged in its operations by the response, yes, even the initiative of many of these moun-

tain communities. One chapter in a county that is said to be the second poorest in the state wrote to National Headquarters last fall to say that they had produced an over-supply of foodstuffs, largely as a result of the distribution by the Red Cross of garden seed in connection with drought relief. "We would like to show our appreciation of what was done for us by giving our surplus to other communities less fortunate than we are now," they wrote. And a few days later we were informed from another source that this chapter had sent five truck loads of food to neighboring mining communities where there was extensive unemployment and no gardens. This led to an extensive use of Red Cross machinery in the collection of foodstuffs in carload lots in agricultural chapters, to be distributed by other chapters where unemployment needs are great.

In line with the principles referred to above, the Red Cross field workers began to offer suggestions and advice to communities, generally through their chapters, on effective organization for meeting their own problems. One chapter in the mountain section of Kentucky adopted and is operating the following plan for its winter relief. A similar plan modified to fit conditions is in use in many chapters. I quote from the field report sent in at the time the organization was set up:

Plan of Organization

"The Central Committee: To be composed of representatives of the county seat town, the County Kiwanis, Parent-Teachers Association, American Legion, Operators' Association, Red Cross, Churches, and all other organizations in the community. Its function is to get behind the relief program, act in an advisory capacity in the relief work, see that funds are provided, and establish an Employment Committee and a Health Committee.

"Employment Committee: To encourage public and private construction and use all available unemployed in this work; to create jobs, establish wood-yards, etc., and in every way possible to find employment for men able to work.

"Red Cross Chapter: To render family relief to those unable to work and without aid from

other sources. It is to establish its Civilian Relief Committee, its Case Advisory Committee, its production committee, and to keep accurate records of all activities.

"Finance Committee: Under the Central Committee it is to find every possible way to raise finances for local relief.

"Health Committee: To work in conjunction with the Employment Committee and Red Cross. Among other things, if a man applies for Red Cross aid and says he is unable to work, he is referred to the Health Committee for examination. If unable, he is referred back to Red Cross; if found able to work he is sent to the Employment Committee."

The plan was initiated and guided by the Red Cross; yet it will be seen that the Red Cross holds a modest place in the set-up. Important to be sure, but subordinate in authority.

After the plan has been operating for four or five months the field representative writes: "It has been consistently emphasized and understood that the responsibility must continue always to rest on local leadership in relief matters. The National Red Cross will not assume this but will cooperate in all possible ways. . . . They have no desire to shirk or shun this responsibility. . . . In putting on their campaign for funds, in organizing production committees, and in their whole attitude there seems to be a complete understanding of this and a desire to do their best. In view of the time required of these volunteer workers, and the effort and responsibility entailed, I have been amazed at this hearty acceptance of the situation and their devotion to duty."

It is to be borne in mind that in some cases these local organizations have not been able fully to meet the needs with local resources, but where outside help has been necessary the local group has continued to exercise exactly the same authority and control in the administration of relief. Distribution has been fair and impartial, based only upon need. Every effort has been made, and effectively, to prevent actual want and suffering.

I have referred to the food collections for the relief of the unemployed mining population. This, to my mind, has been one of the great features of this year's activities. There is something in sharing with neighbors the products of the soil that is different from giving them money. It is the traditional method by which human beings have been

helpful to each other throughout the history of the race. When the Bluegrass Chapters of Kentucky and those in the Knobs collected carload after carload of food and the railroad carried it, transportation free, to these mountain communities, it was a use of the Red Cross machinery that was at once simple and effective and was just what one mountain family would do for another except that it was on a larger scale. This activity continues.

The most important social work resource any community has is its own people. I have said before that one of the greatest services the Red Cross renders is in developing widely an understanding of the principles of constructive social work. This applies both to the great army of volunteers and to the training of suitable local persons to do the more or less technical work that belongs to social service. I quote excerpts from successive field reports on one chapter:

June 27, 1931—"It is desired to undertake a family case work program as a continuation project. . . . It is believed that adequate support will not be difficult to secure particularly as the nominee for the position of Executive Secretary is a popular, able young woman with influential connections. . . . Mrs. B.— served as a volunteer in drought relief. She has had two years of college and some business training and experience."

Sept. 11, 1931—"The Louisville Associated Charities has asked for two investigations which Mrs. B.— made, writing a good letter to the agency. This outside contact interested her. . . . I discussed treatment of several cases with Mrs. B.— and found it very gratifying to see how quickly she learns."

Oct. 8, 1931—"Mrs. B.— profited perhaps more than any other delegate that attended the Red Cross Institute at Berea in June. She apparently remembers everything that was said about family case work, and she is doing some reading. She follows advice given by field representatives faithfully and intelligently."

Dec. 11, 1931—"In addition to the family case work and relief carried on by the secretary and her Civilian Relief Committee, the chapter has War Service, Junior Red Cross, classes in Home Hygiene and Care of the Sick, Life Saving and Disaster Preparedness. Chapter still hopes that a county Health Unit will eventuate.

"Volunteer Service Committee very active. The Home Demonstration Agent and other community workers very cooperative. Ten of the eleven Home Makers Clubs have sewed for the chapter, and the eleventh is now working regularly. Mrs. B.—showed me with pride a box full of print dresses of various sizes just sent in. Some had been made by church ladies in the county seat town. Garments to the number of one hundred and fifty have been made. It is planned to teach the mountain women to make attractive and saleable rugs. A motor corps is well organized. Mrs. B.—gets ready response to her calls for service."

Again we have an example of the community that with a minimum of outside guidance and assistance develops its own leadership and its own resources, and constructs its own useful and worth while program.

These are dangerous times. It is easier than some of us may think to establish the habit of dependence in those who must be assisted, especially if it is for any extended period. There is at least a germ of the spirit of independence in the soul of every American. The task we must work at faithfully is to gauge our efforts so that physical suffering may be prevented and, at the same time, character may be preserved.



A HOME FOR NELLIE

MARJORIE BURT

"But you are not alone, are you?"

"Yes, sir."

The man surveyed the travel-worn trio on the depot bench—two little boys, wide-eyed and shy, and the motherly little girl who answered his questions.

"What is your name?"

"Nellie Gray."

"Are you waiting for someone, Nellie?"

"Yes, sir. Daddy."

More questions revealed that the children had been put on the train at a West Virginia station early the day before by their mother, who was tired of supporting them and who had been none too kind to the children. Now they were on their way to their father, who was working in Kentucky.

"And the 'ductor told us to get off here," she finished. "But Daddy doesn't live here. The train wouldn't stop at the right place."

"Have you had anything to eat today?"

"No, sir. We had bread yesterday, but it is all gone."

"How would you like to go home with me tonight?"

With childish confidence they followed their new friend. He and his kind wife kept them over night and the next morning he took them to a

nearby town and delivered them to the surprised father who had thought himself well rid of them when he left them in West Virginia six months before. With the unwanted responsibility again shifted upon his shoulders, he searched about for another way out. Soon he found two homes for the boys by "promising" to pay a little for their keep. But what about Nellie? Poor Nellie, her long journey in search of a home had ended in disappointment.

A few days later a tall, thin mountaineer and a little grey-eyed girl made their way over the rough mountain road that branches off from the main highway at Vancleve. The child wore an old-fashioned dress and ill-fitting boy's shoes, and her feet began to drag long before the end of the journey brought relief. The curves seemed endless; again and again they had to jump and even to wade the branch, while a new stretch of road seemed always to lie before them. Now and then they passed a small log cabin and were hailed with the familiar "Howdy."

It was the middle of the day before they rounded the last bend and saw a beautiful, many-windowed house with children playing along the hillside. Her father led her to the door. Kind-faced women received them and food was soon placed before them. It was a haven of rest to the tired child.

By and by she heard her father explaining, "I've fetched my little gal down here for you'uns to keep. I don't know nothin' 'bout takin' keer of a little gal. You'uns kin have 'er and ye kin do anythin' you want with 'er, only don't give 'er out to no folks that don't talk English."

An hour later Nellie watched her father disappear around the hill, but there was no regret on her face as she waved good-bye. She had found a home and someone who cared.

That night she slept in a clean, white cot, the last one in a row of white cots. The next morning she was awakened by a bell.

Her ill-fitting shoes and old-fashioned dress had been replaced by neat Oxfords and a freshly-laundered dress.

She dressed, brushed her hair and made her bed carefully. Another bell rang, and she found herself in the dining room where the girls and boys had gathered for the morning meal. She bowed her head with them and repeated:

"Father, we thank Thee for the night,
And for the pleasant morning light,
For rest and food and loving care,
And all that makes the day so fair;
Help us to do the things we should,
To be to others kind and good,
In all we do; in work or play,
To grow more loving every day.
For Jesus' sake. Amen."

A mighty scraping of chairs, and they sat down to a satisfying breakfast of oatmeal with milk and sugar, prunes, brown bread and white, and molasses.

That morning Nellie went to the mission school. She appeared at the door of the grammar grade room.

"What grade are you in?" inquired the teacher. Nellie stared blankly. "What reader do you read in?" Again Nellie stared; then she laughed gaily, "I ain't never been to school before." She was sent up to the primary room. That noon she again

presented herself at the first door, explaining, "I believe I'll come to school down here now. I've been upstairs." But she was persuaded to continue in the primary room, and began to make progress when she became accustomed to the strange new ways of school life. She displayed keen interest in anything that happened to be before the class and sometimes made the most unexpected comments. One morning after the twenty-third Psalm had been read and explained, she added her own original interpretation, "I know what 'He anointeth my head with oil' means. It means coal oil. I had mine done this morning."

Last winter Nellie was quarantined with diphtheria. Not very sick, it was a lively little girl who had to be entertained for three weeks. To help pass the time, the game of Returned Missionary was invented by the worker who cared for her. Nellie was enthusiastic, and prepared and delivered her missionary addresses with a zest. Near the end of her quarantine she did not seem so well and her heart was jumpy. One day the superintendent came in and remarked that she would go and see the doctor about Nellie's heart as it was bad. After she had gone, Nellie inquired anxiously, "If I should die of this here diphtheria, would I go to heaven? Aunt Marjorie says my heart is bad, and I can't go to heaven if my heart is bad, can I?"

Nellie is ten now. She has been at Bethany Orphanage two years. She has the advantage of going to school and is learning to sew, iron, and wash dishes as she takes her turn with other girls in the work of the Home. When she is sick, she is under the care of a trained nurse. Her throat, eyes, and teeth are examined regularly and her weight is frequently checked. All of her clothing, toys and material have been supplied from "the never-failing missionary barrel."



MISS BURT



NELLIE

Bethany Orphanage is located in a beautiful valley, sixteen miles from Jackson, Kentucky. It is a Christian home for destitute mountain children. It had its beginning six years ago when Miss Marjorie Burt, the superintendent, with two co-workers, undertook the care of five orphan children in a one-room, windowless log cabin, not far from the present site. Other children begged admission and the work was gradually enlarged. The schoolhouse and the beautiful dormitory which have been erected, and the big family which has gathered in are a testimony to God's favor and blessing upon the work.

During the six years 174 children, the youngest five days old, have been received at Bethany. Of these, 105 have been total charity cases. Some of the children have neither father nor mother, others have parents who are unable to keep them at home, while others have a parent in a penal institution or the asylum. The number in the Home has not exceeded 52 at any one time. A number of children have been placed in good

private homes, thus making room for new ones.

An increasing amount of community work is being done by Bethany helpers. Six branch Sunday Schools have been started in schoolhouses up and down the creeks. For these services the young people of the district and sometimes whole families gather in, and the Word is faithfully taught. Other calls for Sunday Schools have come in—an

evidence of hungry hearts eager for the Gospel, Bible classes are taught in the free schools, forty minutes each week, and many other children thus receive religious instruction. Community nursing is done also, and dispensary cases are cared for through the store.



THE BETHANY FAMILY

If anyone within a radius of six miles needs a doctor, nurse, or undertaker he comes to see what the missionaries will do for him. Whether it's a bean in the baby's nose or a risin', proper attention is given. Thus the goodwill and confidence of the people is won.

Bethany Orphanage is a center of ministry to the entire mountain community which lies about it, but first of all, it is a refuge for needy children.



On Suddenly Growing Blind

Hantsy Darkness, Hantsy Darkness,
Ye'll not git your will o' me,
I don't hold with sickly sperrits,
Howsomever blind I be.

Thar's a sight o' jokes and doings
Kinfolks can stop by an' tell
I can larn to play the fiddle
When they feel to dance a spell.

'Tain't as though I were a youngling
With a family to rear.
Now I'm eighty, Death will call
Afore I've had the time to fear.

Honey Bees

Honey Bees!
They're all the peace a body sees.
Changes in big and little ways
In what he buys and what he pays.
Naught may abide, these latter days
Naught but honey-bees.

The Good Book—
I got hit down for another look,
They followed bees in the Promised Land;
You read of honey on every hand;
Samson riddled a quare bee-stand
In the Good Book.

And thar's Rome,—
My grandson brings his Latin home.
Heathens, but they kept bees right well,
Cur'ouser tricks I ne'er heard tell.
Stuck to bees, she mightn't have fell,—
Pore ole Rome!

Nowadays
The bees still hold to ancient ways.
Linn or clover or poplar tree,
Hit's all the same to the honey bee,
Here in the hills or across the sea,
Always.

ANN COBB

SHALL WE USE LEISURE TIME CONSTRUCTIVELY?

HOMER L. MORRIS

The court room in a coal mining county seat town was crowded. The men were the personification of depression in their shabby old clothes which had already done service for many winters. The women, as usual, were prematurely old and were weighted down with the care of the ever increasing family. The marks of little food, scant clothing, and poor living conditions were unmistakable.

Two boys in their late teens were the center of interest. The jury had returned a decision of guilty, and the judge was ready to sentence these lads to two years in prison. They had broken into a store to obtain food for themselves and their families. They had never had a job. Their fathers had been out of work for more than a year since the mines closed. There was no food at home. They had been hungry. The judge gave a lecture on the virtue of honesty and the wickedness of the younger generation. He grew eloquent upon the theme of the sacredness of private property and the necessity of the court's upholding the dignity of the law. The judge bewailed the fact that twenty times during the same session of the court he had been compelled to sentence young men for similar violations of the law. But his duty was clear. These two lads were sent to join their companions for a two-year course in a graduate school of crime—the State Prison. Society, by its inhumanity, by its ruthless industrial system, by its enforced idleness, and by its niggardly policy toward the unemployed, pushed these lads into a career of crime. They were in a desperate struggle against starvation and had tried to appease hunger by the only means society had left to them. The judge declared, in effect, that it was more important to protect a sack of flour than it was to feed hungry boys.

The women in a bankrupt coal mining camp far up the "holler" had a thrilling experience one afternoon. A vacant house had been remodeled by some of the unemployed miners to be used as a kitchen to serve children with luncheons provided by the American Friends Service Committee. This remodeled house soon became a real community center. A sewing class had been or-

ganized for the women, and they had had their first meeting in this community house. A woman's sewing circle is a woman's sewing circle, whether it is held up the "holler" in a mining camp, or in the parlors of a sophisticated church. This new venture in the mining camp ran true to type. The women sewed industriously, some of them for the first time. They made new clothes and patched old ones for the children. But that was not the most important accomplishment of the afternoon. For the first time in many months, these women really had a good time and forgot their troubles. "The women in this camp never laugh," said one of them; "the only thing we do is just set."

These women had the reputation in the whole community of being dirty, lazy, and indifferent. Within a few weeks the whole tone of this mining camp had changed. The mine had not started to work. They had no more money than formerly, but their leisure time was used constructively. They regained some of the pride and self-respect they had lost. They cleaned up their children and made their homes more attractive.

Unemployment is the greatest industrial misfortune than can befall a strong man. To have energy and initiative and to want to sell one's labor and skill for food and clothing, and not to be able to find a buyer, is a blow to any man's self-respect. To be useless, to be a drug on the market, to be turned down at the employment window as not wanted, is an experience which undermines a man's confidence in himself and throws him upon the slag pile of worthless human material. This is a tragic experience for any man, but it is nothing short of a catastrophe when it happens to a whole community. There is only one thing to do in a mining camp. When the mines close all work ceases. In a normal community, while some individuals are out of work, others are employed. There is a diversification of activities and interest, which helps to provide stimulation and buoyancy to those who are unemployed. Not so in the mining camp. Depression and despair settle down on the camp as a dense smoke-laden fog. The whole community goes through a demoralizing process which is almost irresistible.

I have just talked with a pastor who has been making calls among his parishioners. The home of the Jones family was formerly spotlessly clean. The family took pride in the yard and garden. Mr. Jones has not had anything to do for a year but to work around the house and keep things in the best of order. He has had plenty of time to do all of the things that he wanted to do when he worked every day. But he has done none of them. He has lost that sense of pride and self-respect which once was so apparent.

Mike is a strong, sturdy Hungarian, the best coal loader in the camp. When he first lost his job, two years ago, he came to the office almost every morning and begged for any kind of work. When his savings were exhausted and he had to apply for help, he protested, saying, "I want work, no charity." But two years of enforced idleness and charity have changed his disposition. When he was given the opportunity recently to learn the cobbler's trade, he shrugged his shoulders and said, "I can no repair shoes, my fingers stiff; I can no learn that."

The spirit of depression permeates every phase of camp life. The children of a camp school selected a comedy for an evening's entertainment. The parents protested against this. Why should their children participate in such foolishness? They lived in a world of hard and stern facts. Their savings had all been used up during the past two years since the mine closed. They did not know how they were going to get food the next day. To them, the world was full of tragedy, pain, suffering and want; and there was no room left for the make-believe of comedy. The worries of unemployment had driven all prospects of joy out of their lives.

The vast army of unemployed men in the United States today presents a challenge and an opportunity to use leisure time constructively. This is especially true in the coal mining camps. There is no opportunity for the young men to work in the mines and there is nothing else in the camps for them to do. Because of the fundamental readjustments which are taking place in the coal industry, there are probably from two hundred thousand to two hundred and fifty thousand coal miners who will never be needed again on a full time basis in the mines.

Intelligent social planning would seize this period of enforced idleness as an opportunity for adult education and vocational training. Just before Christmas I was invited into the study of a pastor in a coal camp. To my surprise, I was conducted into a full-fledged toy-shop. And a busy place it was. The coal company in three adjacent camps had formerly provided toys for all the children. This year they could not even meet their payroll, and the children faced a toyless Christmas. Lads who had quit school and had never had jobs, and the prospect of a toyless Christmas for the children, presented a challenge to this resourceful young pastor. He proposed that the Men's Class make toys for the children. When I entered this toy-shop-study, the boys were painting the last of the toys which they had made for two thousand children. For a month these boys had been thrilled with their creative job. The pastor turned to me and asked, "What is there that these boys can do after Christmas to keep busy?" There are about seventy-five young men in these three camps who have never had a job and there is no prospect that they will get a job. Few of them have gone beyond the eighth grade in school. The formal education program has failed to hold their interest. This fact is not necessarily an indictment against the boys.

The learned judge would have displayed much more wisdom and a more profound understanding of human behavior if he had overlooked the acts of the two boys in the court and had given a lecture to the older generation upon the necessity of society's providing adult educational opportunities for those who are unemployed.

The Smith-Hughes Law provides vocational training for those who have a job, but it makes no provision for those who have no job. It is based upon the assumption that jobs are available for all able-bodied men. We must now frankly face conditions where millions of able-bodied men are unable to find work.

The challenge which comes to American life is: Shall this leisure time lead to degeneration and loss of self respect, or shall it be used as an opportunity for a constructive adult educational movement? The unemployed in coal mining camps present an acid test of our constructive ability.

FAITH THAT MOVES MOUNTAINS

NOLA PEASE VANDER MEER

A church, a community house and a school house—all built within the last five years—stand as monuments of a great faith and love among our mountain people in Breathitt County. How did it happen and why? Thereby hangs a tale even more fascinating than Alice in Wonderland.

The beginning was something like this. Several years ago, a young man was preparing for missionary work in South America. During an interim of a summer, he came to the mountains to gain a bit of experience by filling in as a summer worker. Here he found many opportunities for the desired experience through the weeks easily filled with teaching, helping in Sunday school work, and gardening, and when the summer ended, he was loath to leave. The appeal was sent him to come to an isolated community where no school had been taught for several years, to "give the young 'uns a chanct." The need was clear; it seemed impossible to refuse. So this young man

and we can't get along without you." Can we say the days of miracles are past, when we realize that the buildings mentioned in the beginning of our story, and the work they represent, stand as an answer to this woman's prayer, along with the prayers of many others? For she did "pray him back." In less than a year he had returned and actual work had begun.

The work is similar to that of other mountain fields, but we feel that the response and cooperation are far greater than in some other fields. As the work was opened in Morris Fork, right where Breathitt borders Perry and Owsley counties, much criticism and discouragement were offered, especially from near-by communities. "Why, it's a waste of time to try to do anything in that county—they have always been moonshiners and always will be." "That's the place where there are so many killings." "They don't want church or schools or anything good, but just to be let alone in their wickedness and ignorance." Bloody Breathitt! Why it was so named, those who are familiar with Kentucky history well know.

But our program has been built steadily, slowly, even amid criticism and discouragements. We are happy in the privilege that has been ours and happy that the Great Master Builder has given us a share in His building.

We are an isolated community, thirteen miles from the railroad and not on a highway, so that traveling is still done the old fashioned way, mule-back and wagon up and down the creeks and mountain trails. But on Sabbath mornings our little church is almost filled to capacity. Indeed, the Sunday school room is filled also; for despite cold, rainy weather, muddy roads and all that might tend to serve as an excuse for staying by the fireside, as the bell calls our people to worship, they come from every direction, whole families of them, until they number a hundred or a hundred and fifty. And what splendid services we have! As we study God's word we almost feel spiritual growth. Then, as the junior and senior choirs, in white surplices, take their place in the choir loft, and our people gather for morning worship in the beautiful auditorium, there is a great joy and peace in our hearts.



GRANDPA ARRIVING AT CHURCH DEDICATION

pushed aside the call to South America, for a bit, and began the "job" of helping boys and girls in this neglected part of our homeland. He boarded among the students, in a different home each night of the six school months.

The school year was most successful, and the urgent invitation to stay was hard to refuse. But if work in South America were to be considered at all, it was time to make the final preparations. So good-byes were said. "But we're going to pray you back," one of the mothers told him. "We know how much you have done for our children

With what joy we say "our church"! Built lovingly by our own men, of native stone and logs, much labor and materials being donated, and actual work being done for a dollar and a half a day! "We don't have money to give, but we do have logs and time and we're going to do everything we can to help, for we do want our own church." So we builded the walls, and, with the help and interest of kind friends, The Little Brown Church in the Vale stands, its spire pointing heavenward, as a testimony of our love for God and our desire to know better how to serve Him. The auditorium is 30 by 42 feet, Sunday school room 20 by 48, and a small primary room 15 by 8 feet. Overhead open pine rafters are exposed; oak panelling adds much to the richness of finish. Open truss work is of large pine logs. Standard pews are installed but pulpit furniture and choir benches are of home-made hickory. There are four partitioned class rooms in the separate Sunday school room. A border of pictures, an organ, and tiny home-made hickory split chairs help furnish the primary room, giving "the least ones" a real part in the Sunday school. A piano is in use in the Sunday school room, and a good Kimball organ in the auditorium. Pending installation of a Delco, attractive rustic chandeliers were made of heavy oak and wagon tires! They are double tier, holding twelve plumber's candles. Amber cathedral glass windows, French style, have been used. Above the pulpit and the entrance gable, treasured stained glass is used, a gift from Central Presbyterian Church, New York.

As the prayer bell is rung each evening, for two miles up and down the creeks heads are bowed and hearts are lifted with praise and thanksgiving to Him who is bringing life more abundant to our hills.

Our school house was the next project. It could not have been built without the generous gifts of our people, the help of the county, and gifts from our personal friends. The Presbyterian church in Newark, New Jersey, which is supporting the work pays the salary of one teacher. You who are familiar with the one-teacher school of the mountains can picture the joy we have had this year with the modern three-room, three-teacher school, giving the children a real "chance." Beginning in November, hot lunch has been served each noon to the seventy or seventy-five children, and through the year an active parent-teacher asso-

ciation has been behind all the good movements. At first the school lunch seemed impossible, but through the P.T.A. the problem was solved by having the children bring vegetables and milk and help prepare the food. Then it is cooked in the community house kitchen. The children serving on "committees," took care of dish washing and other necessary jobs. For three years the lunch plan has worked nicely. A decided gain in the children makes parents agree that it has been a most worth while experiment.

The State Board of Health has proved a good friend in making Morris Fork headquarters for our county health unit, and the children as well as adults have received the benefits of clinics, vaccinations, and immunizations.

We are grateful to the state, again, for cooperation in regard to the rural agricultural program. Regularly, the County and Home Demonstration Agents have made visits, and through the 4-H club and men's and women's agricultural organizations we are looking forward to helping solve our economic problems. Boy Scout and Girl Reserve organizations try to furnish wholesome recreation and build up the social and physical life



THE MEN WHO HELPED BUILD THE CHURCH

of our boys and girls. Each Wednesday the mothers meet for a "quilting" and discuss things of interest to our homes and community. A devotional service is held and missionary interest aroused. Through sales of our quilts we meet regular apportionments to our Church Board. The gathering affords, too, a social time for our mothers, whose lives have been far too drab and restricted.

During the Christmas time we enjoy a whole week's celebration—to say nothing of the time

spent in preparation! Carol singing, Christmas programs, special programs, parties—these fill the happy holiday season, until there is no time or thought for the olden "celebration" of whiskey and shooting, and our folks say, "Christmas at Morris Fork doesn't favor itself nary a bit!" The old year's watch party is attended by young and old; after several hours of play we come together for the solemn service. As the church bell peals its joyous welcome to the New Year, we rise from our knees, and sing together "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." And our prayers, testimonies and decisions make us resolve that the coming year shall be the best yet for Morris Fork. Then at noon, the parents meet for dinner—the children are not allowed to come to this party—and as seventy-five or a hundred gather around the tables amply supplied with food that has been brought by the community and cooked in the

community house kitchens, we have the climax of our Christmas festivities and begin the New Year right.

And so, with the church, state, and community working together we are trying to bring the life more abundant to this isolated mountain section. Already we are "reaching out," fostering two other Sunday school organizations through which we hope to reach other neglected communities.

As we witnessed the program of our very first eighth grade commencement, after this successful year's work with the school, we saw possibilities and inspiration in those seven graduates, and heard again our Master say, "Not to be ministered unto, but to minister." We are glad that we can send these forth, to meet the other young people, just a little more fit to take their place in further preparation for work for the Master and their fellows.



PULLING TOGETHER THROUGH PLAY

MARGUERITE BUTLER

In the March "Survey Graphic" Stuart Chase writes: "Most people over thirty take their recreation sitting down—at second and third hand." This is not so in the Brasstown Community. Here the art of play is not lost. Old and young find great joy in the singing games. "Let's do another," an enthusiast calls out when at a joint meeting of the Women's and Men's Clubs we have scarcely paused to catch our breath from "Seven Maids in a Ring" or "Cut the Oats." Every gathering, no matter what it is, must end with these games. Even the folk school directors, who gather from far-off cities each spring for their annual meeting, play with us and skip as speedily as we between two clapping lines in the Danish Grand March. Our favorite march always tells us the evening is over.

A worker, who was with us for five months this winter, has just written: "Then the fact that we all had certain customs together: singing before meals, helping take out dishes after eating, celebrating birthdays, and above all, joining so joyfully in singing games, made for a wholesome family life."

The games also make for a wholesome community life. During our first week of community school five years ago, Uncle Virge, our chair-maker, said, "Unless we all pull together, we just can't travel." Singing games have helped us travel. We have come to know each other as never before, barriers have been broken down, we have been able to work together in real cooperative ventures, our Credit Organization, Creamery, Farmer's Association, and Craft Guild.

The games give us not only a most satisfying recreation, but they teach rhythm, express joy, and offer opportunity for self-expression. "Anybody who wouldn't enjoy that, their soul's plumb dead in 'em," said a father at the close of the winter course when a group of students had finished the more difficult English Morris and Sword.

Because we find such joy in the games, our students have tried to pass them on to others. In February, we put on a program of singing games, ballads and simple folk tunes by our young band at a consolidated school in an adjoining county and at Murphy, our county-seat. Here the big audi-

torium was filled to overflowing with children from first grade through high school, teachers, and some of the town folk. The games received the greatest applause, and afterwards when many told us how they had enjoyed them, they usually added, "And you have such fun doing them." Soon we hope they'll have the same fun.

The end of February, sixteen people in three cars started for Asheville to be guests one night at the Asheville Normal School and one night at the Farm School ten miles beyond. For days we had planned for this trip. Such a welcome as awaited us! We had thought that nowhere would we find the enthusiasm that greeted us in Murphy, but we were mistaken. We look forward to many such joint singing-game meets together.



SINGING GAMES IN THE OPEN

Georg Bidstrup, who is in charge of the Folk School farm and gymnastics brought to us a wealth of these games from Denmark. Because of the many requests to share him with other schools, we shall hold this June our third annual singing-game course, which has included also Danish gymnastics, folk songs, discussion of our rural problem, the ideals and methods of the Folk School and how with its co-operatives it is trying to build up a new rural life. Letters from students of the past two years have told how useful the games and songs have been in their schools and rural

communities. The course this year will be from June 6 to 18. There is no tuition, but a charge of twelve dollars for board.

Not long ago when we were discussing at a county meeting the Five-Ten Year Plan for Western North Carolina, Miss Ruth Current of the

state extension department said she would like to see singing games a part of the program of every rural community in this state. When this comes, not only in North Carolina, but in all our Southern Highlands, I feel certain it will be easier to all "travel" together.



Men of the Rail in the Tennessee Mountains

JAMES D. BURTON

The men who operate the trains and watch the automatic signal lights for "clear boards" along the line are making their contribution to mountain life. As trains speed along through mountain ravines and tunnels the safety of the passengers is in the hands of the train crews. Spending many thousands of dollars annually in the mountain region, these employees and the railroad company are an economic factor in its development.

Oakdale, Tennessee, is a terminal on the main line of the Southern Railway system, between Cincinnati and Chattanooga, where train crews have their lay-overs. Mountains rise almost perpendicularly on every side. The Big Emory River flows through the narrow gorge at this place, and along its banks and on the mountain sides cling the homes of the railroad men. The Indian name for this river is "Babahatchie," meaning "babbling waters." A railroad hotel, formerly known as "Babahatchie Inn," overlooks the river. In 1907 it changed its name to "Railroad Y. M. C. A."

The liquor interest beat the railroad "Y" into Oakdale and was a dominating influence for a considerable period of time. On the mountain-sides flourished open saloons. To their open doors led well-beaten paths. Men were traveling, morally, in the wrong direction. Men with no visible means of livelihood, chiefly coming from outside, would drift into town about pay day to fleece the boys in crooked gambling. In the lobby and at the lunch counter of "Babahatchie Inn" were midnight scenes of degradation and danger. There was little or no police protection. Arrests were seldom made. Travellers avoided the place. Many reels of motion pictures would be required to portray even a small portion of its exciting history.

Quiet and peace reign in the village of fifteen hundred today. When, on invitation of the railroad company and with their help and cooperation, the transportation department of the "Y" took over "Babahatchie Inn," a new day dawned for Oakdale. The building was renovated from cellar to garret; the restaurant service improved, and a homelike atmosphere was provided. Books, magazines, and daily papers appeared in the new reading room. Later came gospel meetings, practical talks, Bible classes, lectures, motion pictures, and conferences on life questions. The railroad "Y" had a hard road to travel for a long time, but it reaped the satisfaction that always comes from doing a good thing in a good way. Largely by direct planning and by force of good example, it has brought a little town from the slough of despond toward better civic influence. It has given faith, hope, and courage to a group of men and women who hungered for all these. It has been a help to a great railroad company, and it has also been an inspiration to a little town.

Today it is furnishing a service to hundreds of railroad men who come in and out of this important terminal, many of whom were born in this region. It is furnishing a place to clean up after a long, hard run; a meal in the restaurant which is never closed; a bed for a refreshing sleep; a radio set to bring all the best talent and entertainment to help pass pleasant hours on the lay-over away from home. The lobby is thronged with men visiting, playing games, just being at home. To see these men day after day using these privileges, participating in the program, and sharing in the membership is conclusive proof of the esteem in which they hold the institution and its

work. They travel over a large territory, and their influence and contacts are far-reaching.

Since the inception of the "Y" work here more than one million dollars have been spent by the management in service to the men. Thousands of dollars have been spent by the restaurant department for produce purchased from farmers in adjacent neighborhoods. No public subscriptions have ever been taken for the support of the work. It is making its own way on a non-profit-making basis. More than a dozen employees work in the various departments. Printed on the paper bags used daily by the hundreds at the lunch counter in putting up lunches for the men going out on their runs, are the following words: "The service is not perfect—it will never be perfect until all men become perfect—but those in charge of the work are doing their best for you."

The railroad "Y" at Oakdale issues an interchangeable membership ticket, indicating world brotherhood, and reading in part as follows: "Honored for regular privileges by all Railroad Young Men's Christian Associations in North America, and the owner will be welcomed by Young Men's Christian Associations throughout the World."

The second step in Oakdale's progress was the organization of an interdenominational Sunday school. It began with thirty scholars, was equipped with three hymn books, and organized into three classes. Sometimes for want of teachers these classes were consolidated into one. The meeting-place was in a one-room dilapidated church-house, so-called. No resident minister lived here, and visiting ministers did not come around very often. The old regime did not want them, and showed them very little courtesy. It was difficult for them to find lodging for the night. The railroad "Y" began entertaining visiting ministers free of charge.

The faithful few, with the help of the railroad "Y," kept the little Sunday school going, and growing in numbers and interest. Oakdale and the surrounding mountain territory took on new interest through this effort. It would take too much

space here to chronicle all of the developments through the years. Morgan County, in which Oakdale is located, became one of the leading counties in the Tennessee organized Sunday school movement, largely because of the influence of the Oakdale Sunday School. Its superintendent served as county president for a number of years. More than twenty-five Sunday schools were identified with the county association. Relief and other forms of extension work have been carried on.

Today Oakdale has two large Sunday schools—Methodist and Baptist—enrolling about six hundred scholars. Two beautiful churches have been erected, with two resident ministers on the field, two manses provided for the pastors and their families—these the outgrowth of the little Sunday school of thirty scholars, three classes, three hymn books, housed in a one-room frame building twenty-five years ago. The writer has had continuous residence here during this period, and knows whereof he speaks. This effort at Oakdale has been and is a mighty factor in shaping the destiny of the town; it radiates an influence throughout this section of the Tennessee mountains. Vices common to Oakdale in its early history have been reduced to a minimum, and people now realize that some good can come out of this railroad terminal. Perhaps the method used in the beginning will not come back, but as much as ever are needed the spirit of this effort, and a program glowing with spiritual energy.

A survey of the steps which have been climbed in Oakdale not only makes us appreciate the ever widening view of community service, but enables us to see a little farther into the possibilities of mutual helpfulness. Weapons have been provided for railroad men in their fight for cleanliness, righteousness, and self-respect. The traveling public has been benefited through this work. It has had a mighty influence on the town where it is located, and in a vast area of mountain territory surrounding it. There are no more beaten paths to open saloons. This famous old hostelry, known as "Babahatchie Inn," extends a welcome not only to the men of the rail, but to the public as well.

Rural Library Service For Hamilton County, Tennessee

NORA CRIMMINS

Rural library service for Hamilton county was a vision in 1905, but the vision had a voice in Lewis Minor Coleman, who spoke at a directors' meeting for library service for the county people.

Legislation had to be provided, and an enabling act written by John H. Cantrell, secretary of the library board, passed the Tennessee legislature, February 13, 1909. Revised city and county library laws were passed by the Tennessee legislature, April 11, 1929. The first county appropriation of \$1,500 was made to the Chattanooga Public Library in 1909. In return for this appropriation, the Chattanooga Public Library agreed to extend its privileges to the people of the county under conditions governing its use by those who lived in the city. The appropriation, however, was not sufficient to provide for any book delivery centers to be established in the county.

But so eager was the response to the use of books by the rural people that by 1913 the county had increased its appropriation to \$5,000 a year. This enabled the library to establish book delivery centers and thus to begin to realize the ideal of a fully developed system of county library service, which, in its full realization, means library service within the reach of every inhabitant of the county. Outposts for book distribution were especially necessary in Hamilton county as its 548 square miles reach mountainous heights of 2,300 feet, and make such regions as Sawyer and Mowbray a half-day's journey over poor roads from Chattanooga.

The economic plan was evolved and adopted, of having all branch libraries established in schools. Accordingly in January, 1913, five county branches were established in high schools, for school and community library service, in the farthest-removed sections of Hamilton county. A small library went to Soddy, a mining village as well as an agricultural center about twenty-five miles away, one of the oldest villages in the county, where a knitting mill was also established, so that the library had both an industrial and an agricultural group to serve; another went to Sale Creek, a Welsh settlement about thirty miles removed, where fruit growing was the principal

interest; still another went to Hixson, an agricultural center; and another to Lookout Mountain, a resort, where lived both those who had always lived in the hills and commuters from the neighboring city of Chattanooga.

A teacher-librarian was employed, and ten dollars a month for community library service was added to her salary. All administrative work, such as purchase and preparation of books, was done at the Chattanooga Public Library, so that the books were ready for use when delivered to the county branch. The book collection was replenished from the headquarters library at regular intervals so as to assure a constant flow of new books into the communities. At the same time, in order that the fullest use could be made of the limited supply of books, those that had been read were sent on to other stations. Thus books circulated from branch to branch and from reader to reader, having a busy and useful existence with no chance to feel neglected or gather dust as they frequently did in the old days of stationary collections, when each community and school tried to maintain its own library, and the readers soon read the limited collection and then stopped reading for want of fresh books.

It is no wonder that this new idea of book service to the whole community through a single unified organization continued to grow in favor, until, by 1929, the county was appropriating \$15,000 a year for the service. Over 6,000 rural people were registered as readers, borrowing 195,000 books from the county branches alone.

The year 1929 marked the anniversary of twenty years of county library service to the people of Hamilton county and also began a new decade of library progress, for in that year the Julius Rosenwald Fund offered the Chattanooga Public Library \$80,000 to aid a five-year development program, provided that the city and county lived up to their contract of matching dollar for dollar above the minimum of \$51,000 for the first two years, one dollar for every two dollars for the third and fourth years, and one dollar for every four dollars for the fifth year, with a payment of not more than \$20,000 on the part of the

Fund in any one year. Such a tempting offer was not to be resisted; and so the county and city both increased their appropriations in substantial amounts. Also the County Board of Education and the City Commissioner of Education decided to pool their library appropriations with those of the Chattanooga Public Library and have all library service to city, to county and to schools unified in a single system. The increased budget enabled the library greatly to expand its service in both city and county and to both whites and Negroes.

For the county, eighteen new libraries for the white population, serving school and community, have been organized. Two sub-branches have small reference collections. A school library field agent, whose salary and car upkeep are maintained by the Hamilton County Board of Education, visits with a book-truck all county libraries and makes book deliveries to nineteen schools where there are no permanent collections, thus equalizing library opportunities for all schools. Conditions have been improved for five of the older county branches through the building of library rooms in new schools at Lookout Mountain, Ooltewah, and Birchwood, and through the transfer of Apison and Daisy branch libraries into larger rooms, modernly equipped.

City and county library facilities for Negroes have kept pace with the program. Four county branches for Negroes were opened under the same conditions as those governing white county branches. The Jeanes worker was employed as county library field agent, visiting county schools and communities where there are no permanent branches, with partial car upkeep and additional salary provided by the library.

Two Negro school branches have been opened in the city, with rooms and equipment provided by schools and their patrons, and principals allowing one-fourth of the teacher-librarian's time for library work. Extension of library service to all city schools under the direction of the extension worker, who is also the night librarian at Howard Branch, has been inaugurated. A taxi is provided for book deliveries. All Negro library work is centralized at Howard Branch, the headquarters library for Negro work.

At least six weeks' library training has been obtained by all county teacher-librarians in high school libraries, and five of the Negro teacher-

librarians have attended the Morehouse-Spellman Institute for Negro branch librarians in public library systems.

Cooperation is the key word and education is the tie-up in a library scheme for county library development. Given the opportunity, readers ten thousand strong have come out of the hills and over the mountains, and during the past year they have read 378,513 volumes. They advance in the march toward civilization which comes from the enlightenment of the mind. Many of them have learned to read through the books the little tots have taken home—"Gao, of the Ivory Coast," "The Sunbonnet Babies," "The Overall Boys," and "The Little Indian Weaver."

At Fairmount, nearly every adult borrower was present at a Sunday observance of Children's Book Week. All patrons brought book gifts, and the library room was enriched by a gift vase and new curtains. Mowbray, which is back of beyond, on a mountain road, serves the school and community even as far as Montlake, and the daily paper has been known to circulate there. Mowbray's history begins with an Episcopal minister and his wife who drove from New York before the War and founded a mission school on the mountain heights. The National Geographic Magazines, the story of the atmosphere, the history of inventions, and science are all a part of a neighborhood's reading. One's car is abandoned before one reaches Sawyer, but the children of that locality have access to unit project books on Indians, Pilgrims, Washington, Lincoln, Eskimos, Japanese, and Chinese.

A year of depression has brought into existence two library branches not dreamed of in the five-year plan, one a gift of the people at Oak Hill, whose donation of \$30 for books, and gifts of curtains and reclaimed furniture prompted the Hamilton County Board of Education to paint a room and provide additional equipment. The Public Library furnished organization and matched one-half of the funds from the Rosenwald aid. The other branch, serving a school and mill community at Lupton City, came from a gift of \$607 from the Dixie Mercery Company officials. One-half of this amount was matched by the Rosenwald fund in the interest of children and adults whose reading opportunities were limited.

Pine Breeze Tubercular Sanatorium is the next field of library endeavor, not planned for in a year of shrinking financial values, but coming in recognition of a need. A doctor-librarian has been provided by the Sanatorium, books and organization by the Public Library; soon separate branch libraries for white and colored children and for

white and colored adults, with later a professional library to serve doctors and nurses, will be included in the Rosenwald-aided libraries of Hamilton county. They owe their existence to the benevolence of a philanthropist who sought no glory for himself but whose name and deeds will live forever in the hearts of Hamilton county's people.



News From Our Economic and Social Study

COOPERATORS AND COLLABORATORS:

Four States are officially cooperating in the project: Virginia, West Virginia, Tennessee, and Kentucky. Two States are collaborating unofficially: North Carolina and Georgia. Federal agencies cooperating in the study include the following: The Divisions of Land Economics, Farm Management and Costs, Agricultural Finance, Farm Population and Rural Life, of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics; The Division of Economics, Bureau of Home Economics; and the Forest Service. The United States Department of the Interior is also cooperating in the project through the Office of Education. The Institute of Social and Religious Research, which recently completed a survey under the direction of Miss Elizabeth Hooker of a number of counties in the Southern highland area, is also collaborating in the study.

AREA INCLUDED IN THE STUDY: The area to be covered by the data of the study includes 205 counties distributed in six States as follows: Kentucky 34, North Carolina 26, Georgia 21, Virginia 42, West Virginia 38, and Tennessee 44.

METHOD OF GATHERING DATA: For the purpose of collecting the data of the study, eight committees were formed to deal with the following aspects of study: Taxation, standards of living, education, institutions (except churches and schools), transportation, communication and markets, land utilization, farm management, and population. Data relating to the church situation are to be furnished by Miss Hooker in connection with the study made by the Institute of Social and Religious Research, referred to above.

Each of these committees selected a chairman whose duty it is to assemble and tabulate the material relating to the phase of the study covered by the committee in question. These data are then transmitted to the director of the study who, after checking the material for consistency and uniformity, places it in the hands of the Drafting Section for the preparation of the appropriate maps and charts. In addition, the committee members will prepare textual material to accompany maps and charts, as well as supplementary textual material to point out the significant conditions and relationships exhibited by the data.

SOURCES AND SCOPE OF DATA: As has previously been pointed out, the data assembled will be drawn chiefly from published reports or information otherwise readily accessible. The data of the the 1930 Federal census will be extensively utilized. The broad scope of the data which committee chairmen are now assembling can be illustrated by the following headings taken from the preliminary table of contents for the publication:

- Physical features and conditions
 - Land types
- Types of land utilization
 - Crop and pasture land in farms
 - Woodland in farms and not in farms
 - Utilization of woodland
 - General outlook for timber production
 - Other types of land utilization
 - Types of land utilization: Summary
- Farm organization and management
 - Types of farms and income from farming
 - Size of farm business and crop and livestock organization
 - Summary
- Markets, transportation, communication, and industries
 - Markets and market areas
 - Inshipments
 - Transportation
 - Communication
 - Distributive service
 - Manufacturing
 - Occupations

Summary

Problems of public finance

Farm taxes

Tax levies, tax delinquency, and the dominance of real estate in the tax base

The public debt of local government

Property taxes levied for State purposes

Federal and State subventions

Summary

Schools and education

Foreword

Population and school attendance

Illiteracy

Educational opportunities

Salaries and training of teachers

Buildings and equipment

School finances

Location and accessibility of schools

Summary

Population distribution and changes

Total population

Rural-farm and rural-nonfarm population

County population

Population of incorporated places

Size of rural families

Rural population under 21 years of age

Movement of farm population

Summary

Variations in living standards

Value of products furnished by the farm

Value of farm dwellings

Household facilities

Automobiles on farms

General characteristics of selected counties

Value of family living

Value of family living in relation to sources of income

Value of family living in relation to type of goods consumed

Value of living in relation to size of family and to ratio of cash income derived from the farm to total cash income

Value of family living in relation to age composition of the family

Value of family living in relation to period spent in school

Household accommodations and equipment

Household production

Food consumption of selected families in Knott County, Kentucky

Social conditions and social organizations

Health facilities and services

Mortality and morbidity of the population

Physical defects of children

Summary

Marriages and divorces

Crime and delinquency

Agencies, methods, and extent of public relief work

Community social organizations

Library facilities and services

Circulation of books and magazines

The Church situation

General summary and conclusions

SPECIAL CENSUS TABULATIONS: A large part of the available census data has already been assembled by committee chairmen and a considerable body of this material is now in the hands of

draftsmen for preparation of the final maps and charts. In addition, special arrangements have been made with the Bureau of the Census to obtain the tabulations of an extensive body of material by magisterial districts or minor civil divisions, which will permit a rather detailed presentation and analysis of farming conditions in the mountain region. It was impossible to get these special tabulations under way until the Bureau of the Census was relieved of the heavy pressure incident to getting out the figures for the official census reports. Work has begun this month, however, on these supplementary tabulations and the volume of the data is such that completion of the tabulations will probably require two or three months. Subsequent to that, of course, it will be necessary to prepare the special tabulations required for the study and to make the corresponding maps and charts. In addition to this special work, which it has been necessary to postpone until the Bureau of the Census was in position to undertake it, there were also various phases of the study which depend on official census figures that have not yet become available or which have become available only recently. These circumstances indicate the principal obstacles to the even progress of the work in the past, but have not prevented rapid progress at other points as indicated by the fact previously mentioned that a considerable volume of drafting work is already in the hands of the Graphic Section.

DRAFTING WORK IN PROGRESS: This month funds provided by the cooperators in the study were utilized to add three draftsmen to the staff employed by the Bureau of Agricultural Economics for work on the Southern Appalachian Project exclusively. These draftsmen will be assisted by the regular staff of the Bureau, so that the outlook at this time is for continually accelerated progress on the preparation of the report. It is estimated that the publication when completed will contain from 325 to 350 pages. It is, of course, impossible to predict just when the preparation of a report based on this large volume of material will be completed, but it is the fixed intention of all parties associated with the project to expedite publication in every possible way.

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ISSUED QUARTERLY—JANUARY, APRIL, JULY, OCTOBER

Subscription Price \$1.00 per year. Single Copy 30c.

Entered at the Post Office at Berea, Ky., as
second class mail matter.

ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO
MOUNTAIN LIFE AND WORK
BEREA, KENTUCKY

In many ways the twentieth Conference of Southern Mountain Workers, held March 29-31 in Knoxville, Tennessee, was an interesting and unique occasion. In spite of troubled times, the registration and interest were heart-warming.

And there was good reason for enthusiasm. For the first time the Conference had the privilege of hearing A. D. Zanzig, Director of Music Service of the National Recreation Association, who not only spoke on "Music and People," but gave much of his time throughout the Conference to directing singing and meeting with groups of workers interested in this form of community activity.

Spencer Miller, Jr., Consultant on Industrial Relations of the Protestant Episcopal Church, talked on the grave problems now confronting the Southern coal fields. His approach to these

problems was direct and illuminating. Dr. Howard W. Odum gave an interesting analysis of some of the literature on the mountains, which has appeared during the last ten years.

Mental hygiene found a place on the program in the talk of Mark Entorf, of Hanover College, Hanover, Indiana. In "Mental Hygiene and Work with Individuals," he gave workers a new understanding of the individual basis of their work.

Dr. William J. Hutchins, of Berea College, and Dr. Warren H. Wilson, of the Presbyterian Board of National Missions, told of conditions as they found them in India. Interesting parallels and differences were shown in comparing the work there with that of the Southern Mountains.

On the closing afternoon, Miss Tommie Dora Barker, of the American Library Association, presented some of her findings in "A Survey of Library Facilities in the Appalachian Highlands."

The July number of Mountain Life and Work will contain all talks delivered at the Conference.

Although the Sigma Phi Gamma Sorority, an international organization, has in the past supported local philanthropic projects, a national program was adopted at the last convention of the Sorority, which will make possible the distribution of an annual fund amounting to over \$1,000 to established schools and centers throughout the Ozarks and the Southern Mountains for the purpose of meeting some of the needs of mountain children. Instead of planning to maintain an individual health worker or small center in the mountain area, the Sigma Phi Gamma Sorority in extending a friendly hand to the mountains, has most wisely decided to make every dollar count. With the cooperation of the Conference of Southern Mountain Workers, therefore, this fund will be distributed to various centers for administration in meeting local needs. In these days when many mountain families in the coal fields are living on \$1 or less a week, the need for health work is redoubled to help combat the effects of malnutrition and disease. The Sigma Phi Gamma Sorority is doing a splendid work in making such a health program possible.

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OUR CONTRIBUTORS

MALCOLM ROSS is making a study of the mining situation. Later he hopes to publish a book.

OLIVE D. CAMPBELL needs no introduction to MOUNTAIN LIFE AND WORK readers.

MARY P. DUPUY is a field worker for Berea College, and Associate Director of the Berea Opportunity School.

MARY U. ROTHROCK is in charge of the rural library service in Knox County, Tennessee.

RUTH E. CAMPBELL has lived in the mountains as a worker in one of the mountain schools.

EVERETT DIX is Assistant Manager of the Eastern Area, American Red Cross.

MARJORIE BURT is the superintendent of Bethany Orphanage, Bethany, Ky.

ANN COBB, of the Hindman Settlement School, is the author of "Kinfolks," a book of mountain poetry.

HOMER L. MORRIS, Field Director of the Coal Relief Section of the American Friends Service Committee, writes from first-hand experience of the problems of this section.

NOLA PEASE VANDER MEER and her husband, Rev. Samuel Vander Meer, are real pioneers on Morris Fork.

MARGUERITE BUTLER, of the John C. Campbell Folk School, is President of the Southern Mountain Handicraft Guild.

JAMES D. BURTON is Sunday School Representative of the Board of National Missions, Presbyterian Church U. S. A.

NORA CRIMMINS, librarian in the Chattanooga Public Library, has promoted rural library service in Hamilton County, Tennessee.